

## HOW WOMEN'S WHEELS DEVELOP

Only a Few Years Ago Manufacturers Would Not Make Them.

It affords the pioneer women cyclists no little amusement and satisfaction to recall the days when bicycle manufacturers, in reply to requests for women's wheels, would say with emphasis: "We have never manufactured a woman's wheel and we never will." In those early days of wheeling, bicycles for American women were imported from England. One woman who had never seen a bicycle, but had read of them and was possessed of the true wheeling spirit, bought one of these enormous machines. It had wheels thirty inches high, weighed over fifty pounds, had a solid tire and cost one hundred and forty dollars. The first ride of the owner upon this machine of solid weight and worth covered ten miles, and produced a sprained ankle, a black eye and an entirely demolished gown. The rider's spirit was unbroken, however, and, after a rest of two weeks, she mounted again and rode to victory. In these days of teachers, trainers and countless comfortable appliances, it is refreshing to know of these Spartan achievements.

While many women ride diamond frames and an increased number will doubtless continue to do so, the radical differences between a man's wheel and a woman's will always be the drop frame. When the bicycle is regarded simply as a vehicle and not as a toy or machine for display, the majority of women will probably wear skirts. A short skirt of sensible length avoids the actual danger of entanglement in chain or pedals. Still the inventor who can find any method of placing the chain under cover in a drop frame, without adding to the weight of the wheel, will meet a "long-felt want." Along this line the special development of the woman's machine must come.

Out of the multitude of counselors is finally coming wisdom on the subject of woman's bicycle dress. The latest results attained enable a rider to go fitted for any kind of weather. She may start in low shoes, heavy woolen stockings, knickerbockers and light-weight silk blouse on a hot summer morning, with a soft, round felt hat or cap with visor to protect her eyes. She can also carry a small package, and, if it rains, take from that package a jacket with square revers, which button back on themselves or across each other. The jacket, knickerbockers and cap are all rainproof. If it grows colder she may don leggings and skirt of a length above the ankles, also rainproof. Thus equipped, she can defy the elements. The greatest stress should be placed upon a jacket which will cover the chest and protect the lungs if necessary.

### Her Own Choice.

On the corner of two Boston streets a young man was peering through a surgeon's leveling instrument and making signals to his partner, who stood in front of the schoolhouse above. A little girl, coming from out the schoolhouse later than her mates, caught sight of the instrument, smoothed out her dress and posed in front of it. A big policeman came along. "Move on, little one," said he. "I can't," simpered the child. "Don't you see I'm getting my picture taken?"

ENGLISH idea of sport: "Her majesty's backwoods are expected to commence forest hunting early in October. The red deer intended for sport with the royal hunt will be captured in Windsor park about the end of the present month."

The treasury department has decided that the appraised value of goods in the value of the goods in the foreign port of exportation at the time of shipment.

The postmaster of Chicago, while in search of one of the branch offices in an outlying district, was recently lost in one of the city's forests.

## Health

Built on the solid foundation of pure, healthy blood is real and lasting. As long as you have rich red blood you will have no sickness.

When you allow your blood to become thin, depleted, robbed of the little red corpuscles which indicate its quality, you will become tired, worn out, lose your appetite and strength and disease will soon have you in its grasp.

Purify, vitalize and enrich your blood, and keep it pure by taking

### Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier prominently in the public eye. \$1. All druggists.

Hood's Pills cure habitual constipation. Price 25c per box.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

### Kennedy's Medical Discovery.

DONALD KENNEDY, of Roxbury, Mass., has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Eczema down to a common Pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humors). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them, the same with the Liver and Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first. No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by All Druggists.

World's Fair! HIGHEST AWARD.

## IMPERIAL GRANUM

Is unquestionably a most valuable FOOD in the sick room, where either little one or adult needs delicate, nourishing diet!!

Sold by DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE!

## SOCIAL NUISANCES.

Washington Has More of Them Than Any Other City.

Every Stratum of Society Has Its Own Peculiar Nuisance—They Make Life a Veritable Burden to Sensitive People.

Special Washington Letter.

In building villages, towns and cities, men surrender many rights for the common good and general welfare; but women acquire rights and attain higher rank than are conceded to the matron of the farm or to the household drudge of the miner, or hunter, or trapper. Men are, even until this date, savages and barbarians by instinct; and nearly all of them are Ishmaelites, with their hands raised against all other men.

Women, however, are adaptable creatures, who, in the mining regions or in the farm, naturally sink to the level of

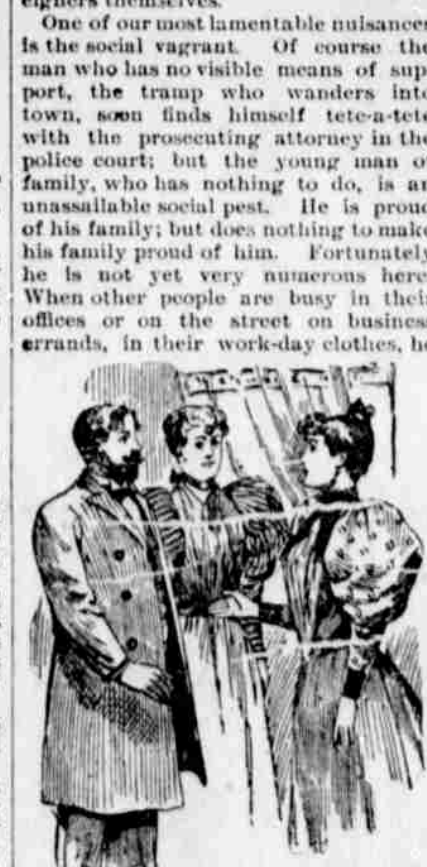


A REAL COUNT IN DISGUISE.

man; but their aspirations are higher. So that, when communities are formed, the women commence to establish social customs for their own betterment, and for the general welfare of their husbands and sons. First comes the priest and the preacher to aid the women in founding a church, which is primarily a social nucleus and ultimately a school of religion and morals. Women found churches everywhere, and half-civilized man pays the preacher, but generally does it grudgingly, until his soul is touched by love or fear, or both. And then he tries to outshine woman in the fervor of his devotion.

But in all communities, no matter whether they are new or ivy covered, society breeds excesses and barnacles. Even among the twelve apostles there was one wicked one. But of all cities on earth it seems that Washington has not only most of the social nuisances which afflict other cities, but we have a select assortment peculiarly our own. Here is, for instance, the individual who moves in the society of foreigners—or tries to do so—not because foreigners are intelligent or interesting, but simply because they are not Americans. The American who has married the Italian count—that charming swarthy mackerel eater, who hasn't a penny the faintest vestige of a family in Italy, except, possibly, a former wife from whom he has run away, who takes to beating the poor, deluded, falsely ambitious girl who has married him, and who ends his career, after she has wrecked her life and has finally been divorced from him, by going back to the sweet melodies of his hand organ and the congenial company of his monkey—the American girl who marries the count because he is a count, or rather, says he is, is a nuisance national in character, and is even found in the great and boundless west, where life is supposed to be truly American. But that is not the only type of foreign-loving nuisance that bothers us here. Our foreigners are men of position in their own country and are entitled to consideration in ours, and adoring them is not quite such blind folly with us as it is in other places, where they are so often adventurers about whom nothing whatsoever is known. Nevertheless we have a little band of nuisances here who follow the foreigners about and accord to them a devotion that is laughed at by no people more than foreigners themselves.

One of our most lamentable nuisances is the social vagrant. Of course the man who has no visible means of support, the tramp who wanders into town, soon finds himself tete-a-tete with the prosecuting attorney in the police court; but the young man of family, who has nothing to do, is a nuisance of a different order. He is proud of his family; but does nothing to make his family proud of him. Fortunately he is not yet very numerous here. When other people are busy in their offices or on the street on business errands, in their work-day clothes, he saunters lazily along clothed like a bridgegroom. He goes to his club in the morning and he loafs there alone, for there are few people there at that hour except servants; he walks the street alone when everybody else is busy; he is in reality one of the most solitary and miserable of individuals, but he thinks he is fortunate, and many other young men, who don't know any better, envy him. As a matter of fact, this sort of genteel vagrant is less worthy of commiseration than the ignorant and usually vicious fellow who enjoys his ease upon park benches, varying this monotony by loafing about the police court and sometimes involuntarily participating in the legal proceedings which take place there. He lives on an income, too, an income derived from a grateful public that gives him sustenance, sometimes calling it alms and sometimes shutting him up in a comfortable hotel, where he can be nicely fed and clothed. Occasionally,



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the public being niggardly, he is obliged to take a little something from it without asking for it. There is more similarity between these two classes of gentlemen, who neither toil nor spin, than at first sight appears. Both could work if they chose, but they do not choose. Unlike the man who has worked for one portion of his life in order that he may loaf for the rest of his life, they have neither of them worked at all, and the means of loafing have come to them without any effort on their part. There is, however, a calculation and a certain amount of brain power demonstrated in the park loafer's existence which is wanting in his colleague.

But if you want to see and feel and know the most prevalent social nuisance here, you must meet with the department clerk who continually talks to you of the public business, and would impress upon you the fact that he owns the government of the United States. He doesn't make you angry, for he is not really harmful, but you treat him with a charitable pity. During the heat of the summer, when everybody takes a vacation, he tells you that he "can't get away," and intimates pretty strongly that it is impossible for the department he is in to get on when he is absent from his desk. He has actually fooled himself into this belief, but he does not succeed in deceiving anyone else. It is all right for him to work over-hours, to go to the department on Sunday in order to keep the government constantly under his wing; but it is a nuisance to have him talk about it all the time. However, the poor fellow knows nothing else to talk about. His most precious possession is an empty paste.

Do you know that a man or woman may reside in Maine, California, Texas, or other remote points, and yet become one of the nuisances of Washington? No class of people can be more pestilential than the monomaniacs who write for autographs. They thus annoy and bother the public men who live in Washington, and not only insist upon having the great man's signature, but often demand his photograph as well. It must be a deeded nuisance for the great man to pay for the photographs if, indeed, he does so, and they are not a present from the photographer. But the greatest local nuisances of all are the people who are eternally boasting of the distinguished people they know. The man who does this is not usually an old resident of Washington, because old residents gradually get used to constant contact with public characters. Of the latter it cannot be said precisely that familiarity breeds contempt for them, although it is true that, as no man is a hero to his valet-de-chambre, so it is unusual to find people who maintain a feeling of reverence and awe for a man they see constantly, and who, in private relations of life, no better than ordinary people. But old Washingtonians don't boast of their acquaintances in public life half so much as the new comers do.

The women who make it their constant business to go calling upon the wives of senators, representatives, cabinet ministers, and other public men, are social nuisances of the deepest dye. You may think it strange, but as a matter of fact there are thousands of such women who go from house to house in carriage loads, who have just time enough to walk into a room and then walk out again, who must get through with a certain number of visits in a certain time. There seems to be no doubt but that there is more calling done among the people of Washington than is done among the people of any other city in the world. A custom that is almost exclusively feminine in other places, and has its limitation among women here, is followed to a large extent by men. These masculine professionals go the rounds systematically. They eat and drink if it is given to them. They make themselves thoroughly at home. There is no harm in genuine social calls. But that isn't the style of calling that is done here. What should be a recreation and a pleasure to the man, becomes a business, and a most irksome business it becomes. It is a wonder that some of these nuisances do not die of hypocrisy. The same smirk, the same bow, the same stereotyped remarks so desperately polite, are bestowed upon people who are comparative strangers. Of all social nuisances, the calling nuisance is the worst.

SMITH D. FRY.

### A UNIVERSAL BAD HABIT.

The Unlucky Practice of Writing Lead Pencils with the Fingers.

The act of putting a lead pencil to the tongue to wet it, just before writing, which we notice in so many people, is one of the oddities of habit for which it is hard to give any reason, unless it began in the days when lead pencils were poorer than now and was continued by example into the next generation.

A lead pencil should never be wet. It hardens the lead and ruins the pencil. This fact is known to newspaper men and stenographers. But nearly everyone else does wet a pencil before using it. This fact has been definitely settled by a clerk in a newspaper office.

Being of a mathematical turn of mind, he ascertained by actual count that fifty persons who came in the office to write an advertisement or notice, forty-nine wet their pencil in their mouth before using it.

Now, this clerk always uses the best pencils that can be procured—in fact, is a connoisseur in lead pencils, cherishing a good one with something of the pride a soldier feels in his gun or sword; and it hurts his feelings to have his pencil spoiled. But politeness and business considerations required him to lead his pencil scores of times a day. And often, after it had been wet till it was hard and brittle, and refused to mark, his feelings would overpower him.

Finally, he got some cheap pencils, sharpened them and kept them to tend. The first person who took up the stock pencil was a drayman, whose breath smelt of onions and whiskey. He held the pencil in his mouth and soaked it for several minutes, while he was torturing himself to write an advertisement for a missing bulldog.

Then a sweet-looking young woman came into the office, with kid gloves that buttoned half the length of her arm. She picked up the same old pencil and pressed it to her dainty lips preparatory to writing an advertisement for a lost bracelet. The clerk would have stayed her hand, even at the risk of a box of the best pencils ever made, but she was too late.

And thus that pencil passed from mouth to mouth for a week. It was sucked by people of all ranks and stations and all degrees of cleanliness and uncleanness; but we forbear. Surely no one who reads this will ever again wet a lead pencil.—London Tit-Bits.

At one time the Presbyterians of Custer were discussing the ignorance and stupidity of one of their number. "And what a notion he has in his head now!" exclaimed one of the elders in disgust. "His head!" echoed one of the ministers. "He has no head!" What you call a head is only a top knot that his maker put there to keep him from from ravelling out.—Ar gonaut.

Shall I speak to your mother, Ethel, about our engagement?" "Yes, George, dear, and don't be afraid of her. She isn't half so dreadful as she looks."—Detroit Free Press.

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## LOTS OF FUN.

But It Wasn't Just Exactly What the Boys Expected.

"That's all right about those Britishers," said a long-legged western man to a group of reporters, one of whom had told a story of how an Englishman had been fooled by some Americans on a train in the far west by a cry of train robbers.

"Yes, but they don't like the robber business a little bit," asserted the reporter.

"I reckon not," admitted the westerner, doggedly. "Lastways, after what I seen and felt I should say there was one, anyways, that didn't like it overly."

"What did you do? Scare him out of a year's growth?" "Well, no," was the hesitating answer, "I reckon it wasn't quite as much as that."

"Tell us about it," put in an impatient listener.

"It was this way," said the westerner, in a tone of semi-sadness. "There was about a dozen of us fellows going through Texas in a sleeper car, and the only stranger in the lot was a strapping big Englishman, with a voice on him like a bass drum. We got him out in the smoker, and it wasn't more than fifteen minutes till we was loadin' him up to the neck with stories of train robbers and that sort of thing. At first he kind of quieted down a bit, because we didn't tell no kind of yarn, but blood curdlers, but it wasn't long till he had his second wind, and pretty soon he was braggin' what he'd do if robbers happened to stop any train he was on."

"That's jist where we wanted him at, and it wasn't long till we had the job put up with the conductor and the rest of the gang to stop the train and check in the Britisher plumb to death and back again."

"I reckon, I reckon, in a mighty lonesome place, when the train came to a stop and we heard a shot outside. That was a sign for me, and I jumped up and yelled 'robbers.' So did the other fellows, except two that somehow wasn't around. The next minute a big chap with his face masked stepped in where we was and stuck his gun right at us. I throwed up my hands and so did the others, and we begged the Britisher not to kill anybody, but do like we done. He was meeker 'n a lamb, and put his paws up like a baby."

"Then another masked man took the place of the first one, while he went through us for our valuables, which we handed out, all but the Britisher. I never knowed jist how it happened at this point, but the first thing I knowed of was his tellin' us to get up, go, and the two masked men went down in a pile, and on the next lick I jined 'em with another feller on top of me, and the dern Britisher sat flat down on the accumulation and called for the rest of the gang. Leastwise that was what I afterwards heard he said, for I didn't know anything for two hours, and we had to get a doctor for the first two he hit."

"I thought a mile kicked me, and they told me that warms they thought lightnin' had struck the train."

"How did he get onto your scheme?" "Derned if we could ever find out. I guess he didn't git on; jist kinder suspicioned and took the chances. He had all the advantage, fer we couldn't shoot him, and he didn't give us time to get any sluggin'."

"How did it finally come out?" "Oh, fine. When we got to the next big town we paid for a banquet in his honor, and before daylight we had cleaned him out of about three thousand and five hundred dollars in a quiet little game of draw upstairs."—Washington Star.

### AN OBSERVING MIND.

A Last Failing Toward His Death Describes His Recollections.

The other day a boy employed in a notary fell four stories down the shaft of a freight elevator. By some interposition of fate or Providence, says the Chicago Record, he landed on his feet after turning over a couple of times, and crawled out of the bottom door with a silly and mortified look on his face.

The men who had seen him fall rushed to the bottom of the shaft, expecting to find him lying there, crushed and lifeless.

"Are you hurt?" they asked, taking hold of him.

"No, no, I'm all right."

"Did you light on your feet?" "No, I don't know. Leave me alone. I'm all right."

In a few minutes he calmed down, and one of the men asked him: "What did you think of while you were falling?"

"All I remember is that the feather-cleaning place on the second floor was shut down."

"Is that all?"

"I could see as I went by that there wasn't anyone workin' in there. That's every blamed thing I can remember."

He stuck to it. At an awful moment, when his past life should have come to him in a flash, he was taking observations of the "feather-cleaning place."

As artificial larynx has been invented by Prof. Stuart of the University of Sydney, and tried with success on a man who has lost his voice. The mechanism can be regulated so as to make the voice soprano, tenor, contralto, or bass, at will.

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## THE PRODUCTS OF GENIUS.

A TOMORROW man has invented an oven, through which, in the process of baking, fresh air is constantly circulating. Meats baked in it have a delicious flavor.

A TRICYCLE, for printing advertisements on sidewalks, is in use in Paris. The back wheels have broad rims, and these contain the types, which are automatically inked.

A NEW method of spelling natural scenery for advertising purposes has been devised in Switzerland. Large white and yellow letters, placed on the bottom of the lake of Geneva, are made visible on the surface by refraction.

At a recent meeting of the Balloon society in England Mr. Hiram Maxim referred to the flying machine, and said his experiments were at a standstill, not from any want of faith in the project, but for want of time.

PETER COOPER HAWITT, the wealthy son of one of New York's most famous mayors, is a prominent club man and a society leader, but he passes most of his time in perfecting ingenious labor-saving devices. His latest invention is a machine which has greatly simplified glue-making.

### THE GUARD'S STORY.

From the State Journal, Lincoln, Neb.

There is probably not a stronger man or more trustworthy guard employed at the Nebraska State Penitentiary than J. T. Babbler. To a stranger he appears a very good example of the man who boasts that he never was sick a day in his life.

For many years Mr. Babbler lived at Syracuse, Nebraska, and the old residents remember him as one of the strongest and healthiest of their number.

In '80 or thereabouts, when the "grip" first broke forth in this section of the country, it claimed him as one of its earliest victims. Like most men with a strong physique, he succumbed at the disease and did not guard properly against it. For days he lay in bed and left it only as a confirmed invalid.

About this time he moved with his family to Peru, Nebraska, where some of his children were attending the State Normal School. He hoped the change would do him good, but he was disappointed. He doctored with the local physicians, and even with his own, but to no avail, and, miserable in mind and body, the poor man told his family that he feared there was no hope for him.

A happy thought of his own led him to try strong stimulants. He was again able to work. But he soon found that his relief was only temporary, and when bad weather came on he was subject to severe attacks of the "grip" as before.

Two years ago Mr. Babbler was employed at the Nebraska State Penitentiary at Lincoln, the state capital, and enjoyed comparative ease while performing the duties of guard. Last fall, however, he was put out on the wall, and with his change of work came his old trouble in even more aggravated form. He was not only troubled with the usual miserable feelings of the "grip," but he found himself short of breath and generally weak; these things unfitting him for the duties of his position.

Once more, almost in despair, he sought a cure, and purchased a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. He took them according to directions and felt better. Five more boxes followed the first and the old sufferer was a well man.

Said he to a Journal reporter, to whom he had just given the above facts: "I feel now as though I could stack more hay than any man in Nebraska, and if I needed a position now I would jump on one on a harvest field. Why, only last Sunday night I took a severe cold, which a year ago would have laid me up with the grip, but now it causes me only temporary annoyance, and I simply lie it off."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills has been long and favorably known in many parts of Nebraska both as a private citizen and as a leader in the original Farmers' Alliance movement, and hosts of friends rejoice with him in his remarkable recovery, for which he unhesitatingly gives the credit to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent just paid on receipt of price 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50—they are never sold in bulk or by the mail, and are addressed to Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

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Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U.S. Gov't Report

## Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

### THE BALTIC SHIP CANAL.

How It Will Make and Unmake Various European Ports.

Germany does well to make the formal opening of the great Baltic ship canal a ceremonial affair of the first magnitude, says the London Review. When ships of the largest burden can pass by a protected short cut of sixty miles' length from the North sea to the Baltic the upshot as well as the oldest problem of north European navigation will have been solved. Incidentally it will destroy what little remains of Denmark's commercial importance.

Copenhagen has endeavored to forestall disaster by making itself into a free port and spending large sums of money upon dock and harbor improvements; but, we fear, all in vain. It is incredible that any shipping will hereafter be sent into Danish waters, to round the tiresome Jutland peninsula and brave the dangers of the treacherous passage of the sound, which can take advantage of the shorter and entirely safe route across Holstein.

Where the commercial supremacy of the Baltic will resettle itself when once it quits Copenhagen is not clear. Hamburg is very confident about its own succession to these rich honors. Ancient Lubek is projecting an Elbe-Elbe canal, by means of which she hopes to divert the increased traffic and wealth to herself.

The Comrad port of Liban has spent two hundred and fifty thousand pounds in enlarging its facilities for the competition, and even St. Petersburg, which, with its new deep-water dock in the Neva, becomes a seaport this year for the first time, has visions of maritime greatness based on this novel rearrangement of trade currents. While these rival claims are as yet in the air the advantages to British shipping are tangible and immediate. Not least among these advantages may be counted the increased incentives to peace which the financial importance of keeping this great canal open will give to the German empire.

buried alive.

A woman was buried alive at Anney, in Savoy, recently. While the grave-diggers were throwing earth upon the coffin they heard a knocking inside. They waited half an hour before making up their minds what to do, and then, instead of opening the coffin, went to notify the authorities. A priest was the first to arrive, and all he dared to do was to have gimlet holes bored so as to let in a little air. Finally, after three hours, soon after the knocking ceased, the coffin was opened and the woman's cheeks were seen to be flushed and her eyes half open. It took six hours and a half more to get a doctor, who when he came said she had been dead less than six hours; that is, she must have been alive when the coffin lid was removed.

### Legends About Mermaids.

All the world over there are legends about mermaids. The Chinese tell stories not unlike others about the sea-woman of their southern seas. Scandinavia is taught on the most excellent evidence that a mermaid was captured at Hango on the shores of the Belfast lough, in the sixth century, while another caught at Edam, in 1460, was carried to Haarlem and kept there for many years.

### As Amusing Printer's Error Occurred in a recent issue of the London Times. In announcing the marriage of a young city man